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Puck

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## PUCK IN PARIS

WE deem it our duty to inform the readers of "Puck" that in Paris, the capital of the alleged French Republic, a special edition of our paper was recently confiscated by the government.

While we cannot but admit that the vigor and earnestness of our political cartoons are such as to make a marked impression upon the minds of all intelligent Frenchmen, this seizure is such an evident indication of arbitrary power that the name Republic, as represented by President MacMahon, becomes a satire. The unequivocal success obtained by our cartoons—a success which has been so apparent that we have not hitherto felt occasion to comment upon it—has never before demonstrated with more telling effect.

To our Paris subscribers we give the consoling assurance that we shall find other means of placing Puck within their reach. We shall continue, with the same zest and zeal that has hitherto characterized us, to uphold the Republican cause, by pen and pencil—and this seizure on the part of the French government, indicating as it does the unmistakable influence of our cartoons, shall only serve as an incentive to further achievements.

## PARTY POLITICS.

I WAS invited to deliver a lecture before the Pudding-head League a few weeks ago. I accepted the invitation. I must add that I had never delivered a lecture before in my life; but that didn't deter me from accepting. I reasoned that every man must, sooner or later in his career, place himself before an admiring throng and say something, and that he might as well practice now as any other time.

So I appeared before the Pudding-head League which held a meeting over a fish store in Third Avenue, fully prepared to say anything that suggested itself. I had a vague idea that an incidental allusion to shrimps—in view of our discussion being carried on over a fish-market—would be a very clever stroke of policy; in fact, in my young and inexperienced way, I rather determined on building up my discourse, as it were, from that incidental idea.

Imagine, then, my embarrassment, my unutterable chagrin, when—on being introduced to the assemblage of intellectual and influential gentlemen by another intellectual and influential gentleman, who was evidently the chairman, as the distinguished orator who would give us his carefully considered views on "Party Politics,"—I realized most completely how absolutely ignorant I was of all politics, party or otherwise. Of course, I had a vague idea, from the fact that it was a political meeting, that I should have to allude to politics in a casual way, in the course of my lecture, but

that I should have to devote my oratorical powers exclusively to party politics, in a carefully considered way, never entered my mind.

I saw that beautiful metaphorical structure that was erected on shrimps tumbling into everlasting decay, and even came to the belief that my time for practicing the art of speech-making had not come yet, and I was getting a little ahead of my career.

However, standing, as I did, before this vast and intellectual throng of Pudding-head Leaguers, and watching their upturned faces, with the symptoms of integrity, manliness and beer visible on various portions of their countenances, I felt that to resign would be degradation, and I determined to do the best I could—a determination which I fully believe to be noble and exemplary.

Arising with a dignity that such occasions demand, and placing my hand in the breast-pocket of my coat, (and in doing so uttering inaudible oaths over the stupidity of my tailor, who had ignored my instructions to make the pockets deep,) I faced the assemblage with an expressive smile, and began:

"MY FRIENDS:

"We stand, as it were, on the brink of a great crisis—" I heard somebody say "hear!" right at this moment, and I felt encouraged—"a very great crisis. Politics has reached a sphere in the economy of government—by the way—what is politics?" I paused here for a reply. There being none forthcoming, I rallied sufficiently to say boldly:

"Politics is a delusion and a sham!"

There was a suggestion of applause here, but I waved my hand silencingly, and added, parenthetically, as it were:

"To a certain extent. I appear before you this evening to show what, when, and where—if not why Politics differ from—er—Politics. I am asked to speak of Party Politics. I am, however, opposed to that." (I had to give some other than the real reason, and so I said:) "I do not think there ought to be such a thing as Party politics. Politics should be in the cause of the nation, and not a means in the hands of one party or another." (Here there was a loud hurrah, and I felt that I had hit them hard.)

"Now you might ask me, 'Are you a Democrat,' and what do you suppose I should respond? Eh? I should say, 'Not if I know myself.' But if you should then say triumphantly, 'Ah, you are a Republican,' I should wink with the most convenient eye and exclaim, 'Not by an inch and a half.' Independent of all political feeling, this country is now relatively interested in several live issues. There are also some dead issues, but of these I shall not speak. The main thing that should engross our immediate attention is the question of Resumption. The way to resume is to resume. There may be some here who claim that the way to resume is not to resume; but I am sure that such, if there be any, are in the minority. You may talk about the dollar of your father, but what has that got to do with the dollars of your sons? You might as well take your children's ulsters away from them, because ulsters weren't worn in your childhood. A dollar in gold is worth a dollar anywhere in the world. A dollar of any other kind wouldn't buy beer in Bavaria. Now, what we want is money that would buy beer in Bavaria. Not that we intend to go to Bavaria to get our beer, when we can get it here for five cents and just as good—but when a man has a dollar in his pocket he wants to feel that it's more than a great deal less would be. On the other hand, if a man was to offer me a roll of greenbacks, do you think I should refuse it? No! A hundred times no! Why?

"Because I can generally find use for dollars, for various purposes. So can you all. All of you know what to do with a dollar when you

get it. This naturally suggests the army. What is an army? Do you know? If any, speak, for him have I offended. The *Sun* says that the army ought to be increased to ten thousand men, and what is General Sherman's opinion? Let us reduce the army to forty thousand men, or reduce it to a common denominator, or reduce it to something or other.

"Which is right? Why should the army be increased and reduced? If you take ten from forty, what remains? And after you've taken it, how long does it remain? I pause for a reply. Are we to send troops to Louisiana, or is Louisiana to send Returning Boards to us? That is the momentous question. And now, my friends, I would draw my remarks to a conclusion, by pointing out the glorious future that is in store for this country.

"The time is not far distant when every State in the Union will have a fraudulent President, who will exercise a benign influence on the moral and intellectual savings banks. Continue in the course you have marked out for yourselves, and then you will be able to look back into futurity without a blot on your unblemished escutcheon.

"Therefore let us sing 'Yankee Doodle' and 'Hold the Fort' with three times three and a tiger, and bless ourselves that we are free and independent for and from time immemorial. But don't talk to me about 'Party Politics.' Here I sat down amid tremendous cheering.

I have given you the speech without the interpolations of such extraneous remarks as "Hear," "Laughter," or "Applause," my modesty preventing any such course. But if any of my readers will kindly inform me what it was that I was talking about, I'll do as much for him—next election day.

DESPITE the reported stability of the Brooklyn Bridge Towers, PUCK has learnt from the engineer that they are intended to go over.

OWEN WRIGHT, a negro, has been lynched in Alabama. His crime was murder; and they made him own right up—to the limb of a tree.

CIVILIZATION has done wonders for the nineteenth century, and we are away ahead of our respected forefathers; but until civilization coaxes into existence a patent rubber keyhole, with an elastic cushion round the edge, where a man may fumble with impunity when his night-key has been to a protracted lodge-meeting, we shall not consider that civilization has done her whole duty.

WE congratulate the Senate on its action in confirming the appointment of Mr. Welsh as Minister to England. We didn't appreciate Welsh here. He wants to go somewhere where they have no crude and narrow prejudices against that sort of man. Perhaps they'll make him overseer of a poor-house in England, or find him some other congenial occupation where his experience as a slave-holder will give him a grip of the situation, as it were. Oh, yes! Welsh is just the man we want at St. James's to represent the lofty sense of freedom and the broad and enlightened spirit of this country.

THE authorities of Christ's Hospital, London, have introduced a pre-Raphaelite realism into their interpretation of the Bible. They flog and otherwise torture the small children committed to their care until the said small children commit suicide. The exponents of Christian hospitality explain that Christ wanted the little ones to come unto Him, and that they mean to do their scriptural duty and carry out Christ's wishes, if they have to beat the whole skin off every one of those little ones to make 'em start.



## INTENSITY.

**K** NOW ye Devotion's yearning yearning?  
Know ye Devotion's throbbing throe?  
Know ye Devotion's burning burning?  
Know ye Devotion's woful woe?

Then know ye Love's most burning yearning;  
Then know ye Love's most throbbing throe;  
Then know ye Love's most yearning burning;  
Then know ye Love's most woful woe.

Ay, ever yearning, burning do I sigh,  
Ay, ever burning, yearning till I die;  
And while with sweet Devotion's yearning burning,  
With Love's most burning burning yearning,  
I sink into my yearning's woful woe,  
And feel, indeed, my burning's throbbing throe;  
And thus I yearning burn, and burning yearn,  
In burning yearning that I cannot spurn.

## CURIOSITY REWARDED.

**T**HE train was ready to start, when a tall, well-dressed gentleman entered the car and took a seat. He wore a wooden leg; and that wooden leg seemed out of place in connection with the otherwise neat and polished exterior of the passenger. A party of countrymen, on seeing the new-comer, gathered around him, and as the train rushed on, endeavored to engage in a conversation with the stranger, with a view to ascertaining his name and origin, and the cause and occasion of his losing his leg. It was not very easy to get him to speak freely, and all he said was in direct reply to some question or other. With undaunted energy the passengers tackled their victim something in this fashion:

1ST PASSENGER. "Fine day, to-day."

STRANGER. "Yes."

2D PASSENGER. "Going fur?"

STRANGER. "No."

3D PASSENGER. "Hail from these parts?"

STRANGER. "No."

1ST PASSENGER. "Beggin' your pardon—is it very fur from here you hail?"

STRANGER. "Yes."

2D PASSENGER (after a pause, looking at the wooden leg). "Been to the war?"

STRANGER. "No."

3D PASSENGER. "No!"

Here an ominous lull in the conversation ensued; the questioners seeming to take time to recuperate before renewing the attack. Finally they had all reloaded and they began anew.

4TH PASSENGER. "Got fur to go?"

STRANGER. "Yes."

3D PASSENGER. "How fur do you go?"

STRANGER. "Omaha."

2D PASSENGER. "No!"

1ST, 2D AND 3D PASSENGERS. "What are you going to do thar?"

STRANGER. "Going to buy real estate."

1ST PASSENGER. "You're not a Frenchman, are you?"

STRANGER. "No."

2D PASSENGER. "What are you?"

STRANGER. "An Englishman."

3D PASSENGER. "Oh!"

4TH PASSENGER. "But say, stranger, don't you find any dif'k'lty in travelin' round with only one leg?"

STRANGER. "No."

2D PASSENGER. "Hard luck to have one of 'em gone, ain't it?"

STRANGER. "Not very."

3D PASSENGER. "Do you mind tellin' how you came to lose t'other leg?"

STRANGER. "I'll tell you on one condition, and that is that you'll promise not to ask another question after this."

ALL. "We're agreed."

STRANGER. "Positively?"

ALL. "Dead certain."

STRANGER. "Well, then, I bit the leg off myself in the East Indies."

ALL. "No?"

1ST PASSENGER. "But how did that come about?"

STRANGER. "You promised not to ask another question; now keep your word."

1ST, 2ND, 3RD AND 4TH PASSENGERS. "Chawed his own leg off! Wheugh!"

At the next station the train stopped, and the four passengers got off. As they stood looking at the departing train after landing, the first passenger observed to the rest:

"That's a wonderful story!"

And the second passenger added:

"He's a tough nut! I wonder what his name is."

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. XXXIII.

BOSTON.—II.



Ya-as, aw Boston weminds me verwy much of a. English pwovincial town, only the wesidents appear to have a gweater opinion of themselves. I believe they wead and wite bettah than othah Amer-

wicans, and have aw a gweat many fellows who make whymes and poetwy and get books pwinted, and who wite lectures and essays and circulars, and such aw literwature.

The stweets in Boston are narrow, and everything is inferior to New York. Jack Carnegie says it bears about the same welation to it, in a small way, as aw Liverpool does to London. Liverpool people are pwincipally twadespeople who aw sell things wholesale and have something to do with ships, and, of course, yer know, I nevah aw associated with them—although some of the families are several hundwed years old; but the Boston fellows are not so desirwable, although they don't all keep shops. Some are barwisters and sawbones, and aw bwokers—gweat many bwokers everwywhere; but everwy fellow he-ah, in the wevolutionary cwaddle, pwides himself on his pwofound knowledge. Jack thinks there is a twemendous pwoportion of cads and snobs in Boston, far above the averwage—says they talk too much about family and wespectable bweeding and wefined bwains, as if there could be any awistocwatic family or an historwical wace worth a farthing rushlight in a burwough only a wetched two or thwee hundwed years old—that would be too widiculous—ha! ha!

A fellow told me that the gweat-gwandfathers of some of the pwincipal fellows emigwated in the steerwage in a bwig or a bark or something called the "Cauliflower," and landed in the Plymouth Wock—that must be a verwy old cwaft, for I've been on board of her in New York to a place called, I think, "Wockaby."

The Boston women, I'm told, wead on all kinds of abstwuse subjects, and, I believe, are clewah—wather worse than the men in this wespect. They don't care much about getting marwied—pwefere to take care of themselves.

Severral people were verwy anxious I should see a place called Yonker's Hill—not at all interwesting. There's a monument there for something or other, I think to ventilate the dwains. Some fellow, a hundwed years ago, fell down he-ah in two or thwee places. His name was Warwen—doosid queer, yer know, to make such a fuss about a fellow slipping and aw wolling ovah.

Boston is called the modern Athens—devilish stupid name. I've been in the Pirwues, and I can't see any wesemblance—that's in Gweece, yer know—besides, there are no wuins in Boston.

## Puckerings.

His salary was due on Monday, and the pawn-ticket which represented his last year's ulster expired on Saturday. His remains were taken to the morgue.

THE Philadelphia journeymen tailors have formed an association called the "Order of Adam." What Adam ordered in those days is rather difficult to ascertain.

WHEN the bracing air of Winter first strikes the man without a winter suit, he feels that a great deal of sympathy is wasted on the impenitent individual who dies in his sins.

THE Pittsburgh *Post* has been so overcome by the Democratic victories, that it has added four new roosters to its stock, and the head of one of its pages looks like a poultry-show. But patriotic pride must vent itself some way or other.

It is pleasant when you are getting very much interested in some philosophical discourse on the influence of imagination on the blood, to strike the information that Dr. Stick-inthemud's Balsam of Life, for sale at all druggists, can cure you of everything that ails you, from imagination up, for fifty cents a bottle.

Now that John Welsh has been appointed Minister to England we are shocked to learn that he was a Cuban slave-holder. If he hadn't been appointed Minister, he might have been a holder of anything on this terrestrial footstool, from four aces down, and nobody would have cared two straws about it. How good it is to be great.

It began to rain as they were out walking together, and he stepped into a store to buy an umbrella. "Give me an umbrella," he said, "not one of your spready, flat-top old Chinese parasols, but a narrow-guage, high-toned article that bows in well at the sides, and looks as if it had some regard for the youthful susceptibility and the proprieties of life." He got it.

MR. GLADSTONE, whose tree-chopping performances at Hawarden have lately attracted the attention of the civilized world, has developed a new idea. He now writes political doggrels on the trees marked out for felling, and otherwise makes himself eccentric and conspicuous. From this we judge that the influence of our beloved country is making itself felt among the effete despotisms of Europe, and that 'Aughty Halbion is now ready to introduce the American circus element into her own politics.

THE plaintive and ethereal Autumn poem is traveling through the newspapers of the country with unwonted intensity this year. We are glad of it. Autumn poems are sweet tokens of sentiment in the cold human breast, and sentiment ought to be encouraged. But any poet who begins her raptures with

"I would not weep because the roses die" ought to be lured to some distant shore, and kept in safety until the spring-time comes. Anybody so utterly unsympathetic as to refuse to go out and sob because the roses die, is unworthy of a place in our affections.

## A VERY GERMAN BALLAD.

## I.



It is St. Catherine's feast-day  
Beside the golden Rhine—  
And to give a tone Teutonic  
Unto my flowing line,  
I'll state that the river schimmert  
Im Morgen-Sonnenschein.

The local lads and lasses,  
As doth the day beseem,  
All come in gala raiment  
As lovely as a dream,  
To attend a little picnic  
On t'other side the stream.

Behold the German Maiden,  
Such as the bards describe:  
She has Aeugelein so tender,  
And treu she'll ewig bleib;  
She is pretty wie eine Blume,  
And warranted not to jibe.

## II.



Her figure is rather solid  
Round the equatorial band;  
Her arm starts off rather suddenly  
From the junction of her hand;  
But that is the way they like them  
In the German Fatherland.

And all came gaily trooping  
Down to the river side,  
Spring-chicken young and tender,  
And full developed bride:  
And an old and experienced boatman  
Transferred them across the tide.

And on her noble charger,  
Came Kunigund the fair;  
To her various personal beauties—  
Her glance, her port, her air—  
Had several poets written  
Of sonnets ein ganzes Heer.



## III.



All on her milkwhite charger  
The beauteous lady came;  
And with her her attendants,  
Brave knight and gentle dame;  
And her pretty page on another horse—  
Eduardo was his name.

At this the gay attendants  
Said: "Who may this man be?"  
And the Lady Kunigund murmured  
Quite innocently: "Wie?"  
But the gentle page Eduardo  
Departed privily.

Upon her playful ambling,  
She came to the river's brink;  
When the old and experienced boatman  
He gave a significant wink;  
And then upon his oar  
He leaned, and seemed to think.

She went on board the wherry  
Did Kunigund so bold;  
And half-way across the river  
Uprose a merman bold  
And drew the lovely lady  
Beneath the waters cold.

And then he remarked: "My lady,  
This is St. Catharine's day,  
Und es ist ganz unmöglich  
To go across this way,  
If you—as it were—ah—well, ma'am,  
You hear me what I say!"

The moral of this story  
Is moral to the core;  
A lady in Kunigund's position  
Ought to have stayed on shore.  
If you don't like this moral,  
Don't ask us any more.

## PUCK'S SENSATIONAL NOVELS.

IV.  
MASHED AND MATCHED.

[CONCLUDED.]

## CHAPTER VI.

TWO long years had passed away. Summer had come with leafy June, when the delicious sweet hay had succumbed to the scythe and mowing machine handled by high-minded peasantry and low-minded farm-hands. Oppressive July had been succeeded by August—and then fair Summer was no more. September had yielded her fruit bountifully, October her golden grain. Jupiter Pluvius had exceeded his November duty, and then Autumn caved in. Sharp December now put in an appearance—scattering hail, and rain, and snow. January's ice sparkled e'en as Arizona diamonds—the frost of February sparkled—then frost, snow, and rain took their leave, and charming Spring had come again—and thus wagged the whirligig of time.

But Horatio had not yet matched that piece of dress-goods.

## CHAPTER VII.

It was *damasse a la bayadere*, Endymion's moonbeams with stripes of pea-green.

Every loom and dry-goods store in Europe and America had been visited without success—that pattern was no longer the style.

Horatio Skimpin was almost in despair.

Angelina Anna Maria de Slack van de Bum-mer's love had not cooled one iota. She sent him a poetical cable message daily.

Absence had made her heart grow fonder.

But her noble, uncurbed spirit, her majestic demeanor, her unparalleled beauty, her polyglottic talents, her unsurpassed magnetism, her unprecedented fame and reputation, which made the hills skip with joy and the mountains tremble in her presence, could not allow her to compromise her character on the future page of history by making Horatio's successful chase after the dress-goods indispensable to their union.

So did months roll on, and she had not yet said, "I'm a-weary, a-weary," although the depressing thought may have coursed through her unique brain.

## CHAPTER VIII.

LYONS, the Silken City of Gaul, was again traversed in vain to find *Damasse* of Endymion's moonbeams bayadere brocade, with pea-green stripes.

Horatio Skimpin sat outside a café. He had learnt to speak French.

"Garcong, donny more silver-plate ung glarse de Brandeau Dwry!" he exclaimed, in wild accents.

It was interpreted to the gargon by a friendly tourist, who understood American French.

He drained the cup to the dregs, and then felt as if his heart within him burned. It was touched by the potent cognac.

He had wandered the world over—he'd been tossed about the billows—he had scaled mountain-peaks—the Vale of Cashmere had known his footsteps, as had the city of Lady Godiva Coventry, in perfidious Albion—but no *Damasse* of Endymion's moonbeams bayadere brocade, with pea-green stripe.

The "pea-green stripe" was the rock on which he split.

"Must I then lose Angelina?—it cannot be. But what is that? Ah!"

Horatio Skimpin had dashed down the Rue de la Ville with the swiftness of lubricated electric fluid.

## CHAPTER IX.

How that train whirled along towards Paris! Horatio had his head out of the window. He fixed his eyes, which started like stars from their spheres, on the next railway carriage.

Hish—hish—hish—hish—rumble—jumble—umble—jumble—sh—sh—sh—riek—roar—rush.

It was darkness that could be felt—it was in a tunnel.

To clamber on the roof was the work of three and a-half seconds. He peered anxiously and wildly into a compartment of the next carriage. Several people were its occupants, but his eyes were madly fixed on a brunette, inclined to *em-bonpoint*.

A weird, unearthly yell overcame all other sounds in its piercing character.

"Eureka!" cried Horatio.

The stout brunette wore *Damasse* of Endymion's moonbeams bayadere brocade, with pea-green stripe. She was making the grand tour.

## CHAPTER X.

BEAUTIFUL Paris to busy London—earthquaky Lisbon to dykey Amsterdam—Imperial Rome to Stockholm, the Venice of the North, and back again journeyed Horatio—but he could obtain no introduction to the fleshy brunette.

Driven almost to desperation, he addressed her.

In the gardens of the Tuileries he allowed the attraction of gravitation to affect his cane.

He purposely stumbled on her dress in picking it up.

She was a bar-maid of an English railway-station refreshment-room.

Might he call?

He might.

## CHAPTER XI.

Two more years had elapsed. Angelina felt happy.

The cable message had told her that the pattern had been matched.

Horatio had now but to carry over enough for a dress, and there would be marriage-bells.

Belinda Smuggins, for such was her name, had returned to her bar and lunch-counter at the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Station.

Horatio lingered near her, and often drunk some 'arf and 'arf, served in a pewter, from her substantial fingers.

"Where did you buy that dress?" he summoned up courage to ask.

"In the Whitechapel Road," she answered.

"Is there any more stuff like it?" and his fate seemed to hang on her reply.

Belinda blushed to the roots of her hair as her natural love for truth urged her to say:

"It was an unredeemed pledge, and I bought it ready-made."

After this, talk not of fabled Tantalus.

Horatio swooned away.

## CHAPTER XII.

THE sun had just tipped the smoky roofs of the modern Babylon with rather tarnished gold.

Horatio rose betimes and dressed himself in his best.

There were marriage-bells.

The Scene was in Bow Church, Cheapside.

He led to the altar Belinda Smuggins.

She became Mrs. Skimpin.

O man! O man! what an abominable deceiver you are.

And what said Angelina?

"If he had only told me he couldn't match the Damassé of Endymion's moonbeams bayadere brocade, with pea-green stripe, I would have forgiven him, and have taken the will for the deed.

She shed tears enough to fill the new reservoir, which holds 4,000,000,000 gallons.

Angelina Anna Maria de Slack Van de Bummer entered a convent.

THE END.

SOME of our exchanges are actively disseminating the information that "the excellence of Calcutta prawns is due to the number of corpses which find their way into the Hooghley;" but we are unable to discover whether this is a base attack on the gastronomic tastes of the prawn, or a puff for the Calcutta corpses, or a subtle and well-concealed suggestion that somebody should get up a subscription to induce Eli Perkins to go swimming in the Hooghley. Perhaps our doubt on this point is in some measure referable to the fact that we do not know positively whether a prawn is a fish, or a bird of the cockatoo variety, or an instrument of warfare.

PUCK'S  
HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

## CHAPTER XV.

HARRISON RETIRES PERMANENTLY—TYLER TRIES

HIS HAND AT THE VETO—MAINE GETS ITS NAME UP—A RHODE ISLAND STORM IN A TEACUP—TEXAS WANTS TO CHIP IN—MEXICO ON THE WAR PATH.

It isn't every man who can say he's been President of the United States for a month—but Harrison was one of those who could.

He tried the business for just thirty days, and it killed him. It agrees better with some people than others. Vice-President Tyler took the Presidential chair in his stead.

Now, when things are depressed—it's rather a good thing for Congress to endeavor to make them better. This benevolent object now a days finds vent in propositions for subsidies for railways leading from nowhere to nowhere, in Tyler's time Congress passed a bill to allow everybody to burst up with impunity, and to establish a national bank.

Tyler had heard that there was something in existence called a veto. He resolved to experiment with it. He found it worked to a charm. It made his cabinet resign except Dan Webster, who stuck to his post as secretary of state in a manner worthy of Carl Schurz. What effect a veto of Hayes would have on the present cabinet remains to be seen.

About this period in our history, the state of Maine occupied a more important share of public notice, than it ever did before, or is ever likely to do again.

We hope the Maine people won't be offended, because we have no desire to injure or ruffle such harmless folk. They got very much troubled about their boundary. A Maine man—no Irish pun intended—was often unable to tell if he was a subject of Queen Victoria or the United States. In some instances it was exceedingly awkward. A fellow would go sparking a mile or two from his village, and then he'd be in doubt as to whose territory he was in; and how in the event of marriage, the natural consequence, divorce could be managed, as it wasn't as easy in Canada as here. These doubts exercised the inhabitants considerably, for some slept with their heads under British government and their feet in the United States, and if they shifted their position, both governments would claim the right to tax them.

What the result would have been had the matter not been settled by Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton, it is difficult to surmise.

One thing is certain, that the muddle has had the effect of weakening the Maine people's brains to such an extent that they can't stand liquor, so they lost no time in passing a prohibitory law.

Rhode Island, that midget of a state, now got up a miniature rebellion.

It was a terrible business, but no one was hurt, and a would-be hero, one Dorr, took up arms. He was at the head of a party, but, as it consisted only of himself, its influence was limited. A Rhode Island lightning-rod or book agent whenever he's shown the door, which is done sometimes, always grins sardonically—he thinks of the Dorr trouble.

There is often rivalry among theatrical stars.

Texas Jack thought it about time to get his state into the Union, and get ahead of Buffalo Bill.

He knocked at the United States door, but they wouldn't have him at first.



TEXAS WANTS TO COME IN.

But at last he gained his point and came in, much to the disgust of Mexico, who didn't like big slices of its territory to be taken away in this manner.

There was some more boundary business settled. Oregon came to the front this time, and found out how near she was to British territory. Cronin's nose wasn't as red as it is now, but nevertheless there were many Americans who wanted to go to war with Great Britain. Afterwards Mexican affairs became the engrossing topic.

We must now put on our war paint and brush up all our military and campaigning terms in order to present a true picture of the struggle in Mexico.

General Taylor commenced operations near Metamoras, but the Mexicans gave a surprise party to Captain Thornton who was at the head of a reconnoitring detachment, and saved nearly all of them the trouble of paying future board bills.

First blood for Mexico.

Palo Alto appeared to General Arista as a likely location to whip the rash Americans, but he erred in his calculations as did he at Resaca de la Palma, for result was diametrically opposite to his fondest anticipations.

Brownsville in this campaign first made its appearance on the map.

If there is one thing more than another that strikes the student with reference to Brownsville, is the amazing originality of its name.

The happy combination of English and French is what will establish its fame as one of the great cities of the world.

The Brown family takes the name as an honor to itself, but this not prevent the late Major Brown, who in this Mexican war said "*dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*!" from taking the compliments to himself.

Uncle Sam now got excited and voted men and money for killing, sinking, burning and destroying everything belonging to the enemy. All the young men liked the idea, and were very anxious to exhibit their uniforms, and to fight and bleed until further orders.

General Taylor attacked Monterey, and took it. It is in New Leon, but had nothing to do with Kelly and Leon.

It was about time for refreshments, so eight weeks were allowed for refreshments. In the meantime, both sides went to work to sharpen their cutlasses, and dry their powder.

(To be continued.)

Now we have 24-button kid gloves. The next will have 240 buttons, and then there'll be no other garment required.



## TOMBÉ DES NUES.



POET looks, with soft Italian eyes,  
Into the stilly depths of southern skies;  
While round about him in disorder strown,  
Lie dainty rolls of manuscript—his own.

He dreams, perchance, of what his hands have wrought—  
Fair fanes to fancy, airy sylphs of thought;  
Bright bits of summer, rife with song and sound,  
Where life is rest, and sweet content is found.

And slips of slumb'rous, odorous, eastern lands,  
With languid lakes adream on silver sands;  
Ideals of some far Utopian clime,  
Where fact is fled, and reason lost in rhyme.

Impassioned strophes sung to woman's love,  
In sweep and symphony all earth above;  
And lovers' lyrics, full of queer conceits—  
In figure, fancy, words, delicious treats.

Elegiac notes, in softly throbbing strains,  
That beat to sorrow's heart and poet's pains;  
Weird shadow songs of mystic meed and main,  
Fantastic phantoms of a seer's brain.

Perhaps he sees all this in yonder skies,  
Perhaps—I know not—for he only sighs:  
"Declined with thanks"! Ah, that I had to-day  
The postage which on these I threw away."

QUIPPLE YARROW.

## MYTHOLOGY ON THE HALF-SHELL.

## I.

## MEDEA.



MEDEA was the daughter of Aeëtes, King of Colchis.

Don't ask us who Aeëtes was.

Medea's mother was named Idyia. She belonged in the briny ocean, and was a nymph by occupation, before Aeëtes married her.

It is proper, however, to state that another estimable lady also claimed the honor of being Medea's mother. This was Hecate, who was a Miss Perses before she married.

Thus Medea commenced her career in a singular manner. It is sometimes difficult to determine the paternal ancestor of a given infant; and it is said to be a wise child that knows its own father. But Medea's trouble was all on the other side of the house.

Still, we will not enter at length into this question. It is bad for the memory of King Aeëtes.

Medea was very precocious, as a child. She studied toxicology, and became very popular among her little playmates. Whenever any of her little brothers cheated her at marbles, or a bigger girl ran away with her hoop, Medea didn't go into a corner and cry, and say: "I think you're reel mean, now!" She just went to the nearest druggist's and got ten cents' worth of corrosive sublimate, on a plea that did great injustice to her mother's housekeeping; and then she approached, with a forgiving smile and a stick of molasses candy, the infant who had wronged her, and waltzed her enemy into the happy hunting grounds with a promptness and precision that did honor to her knowledge of chemistry. This made all her young friends love Medea, and keep on the right side of her.

When Medea grew up, she was a beautiful and accomplished young woman. Out of respect for Medea, however, we will pass lightly and airily over her early years. Our regard for Jason, her first husband, also impels us to adopt this course.

Jason was a gentleman of a roving disposition. He came to Colchis on a ship called the

Argos, accompanied by a number of sportive companions, young men of fascinating manners, who went much into society, wherever they happened to be staying. They cut out all the provincial swains on the road to Colchis, and when they left a city, they left it a good field for missionary effort.

Jason and his friends came to Colchis with some cock-and-a-bull story about a golden fleece, which has been held by some historians to signify that they were generally on the make, and after a good time. The fact seems to be, however, that the establishment of a faro-bank was the object of their fondest ambition.

Being an engaging youth, Jason, shortly after making the acquaintance of Medea, found himself engaged to her. This speaks volumes for the paternal watchfulness and sagacity of King Aeëtes. Jason married Medea, and the young couple appear to have been decidedly unanimous at first. The fact is, that before the honeymoon was over, the two had so skinned their royal parent at faro that his anger was aroused against them, and they were obliged to fly privily by night from Colchis.

It was here that Medea began to distinguish herself. She took her little brother along. He was a nice, fresh little kid, only about six years old; but History records that he could say swear-words like a little man. From this we may infer that his last remarks, which he had occasion to make soon after starting out with Medea, were touching and appropriate. Medea cut him up into small pieces, and strewed him along the roadside, so as to distract the attention of Aeëtes, who was following them more in anger than in sorrow. The old gentleman was something of a scientist, and he thought he had struck a shower of meat, such as they have in Kentucky. He stopped to analyse; and Medea and Jason proceeded on their winding way.

All who have written the obituary of Medea's little brother have remarked on the beauty and brevity of his life, and the fact that his extensive name, which was Absyrtus Aegialeus, was rather wasted on him. But almost all have omitted to mention that the scientific Aeëtes canned him, and put him on the Colchis market; which not only supplied the Colchians with a new and toothsome viand, but suggested a way of disposing of the superfluous small boys, which was a great comfort to the entire nation.

Jason, having escaped from his venerable father-in-law by thus appealing to his tenderest affections, went with Medea to Corinth. Here Medea made him the happy father of two healthy and precocious infants.

If, just at this point, History gives the historian what might be construed as a wink; all the historian has to do is to take no notice of History's momentary lapse from dignity.

The names of these two children were Mermerus and Pheres. They had a bad time of it.

While they were yet very young, Medea discovered that Jason was at his old tricks again. He was flirting with a young lady by the name of Glauce, daughter of the King of Corinth. In view of Medea's own little eccentricity in this way, one would naturally think that she would be the last woman to rein up Jason suddenly. But she did; or rather she attempted to. Jason declined to be reined up. He said that what was crime in a woman was only folly in a man, and made similar remarks, displaying his close intimacy with the French drama; and added that when he married Medea she didn't weigh 195 lbs., and she had not a well-developed wart on her chin.

Medea listened to what he had to say; and then smiled benignantly on him and offered him a cup of coffee. Jason casually observed that he wasn't taking any cyanide of potassium in his, just then, and that it wasn't a good day

for coffee, anyway; and he put on his hat and went out to see Glauce.

Medea ground her teeth, and lightning flashed from her eyes; but she was a woman fertile in expedients, and she only murmured to herself: "We'll see!"

Then she went out quietly and hunted up Glauce's washerwoman, who lived in a retired neighborhood, and was of Milesian extraction. From her Medea procured a garment which we, not being married, cannot specify.

This article of apparel Medea soaked in vitriol and croton-oil, and then sent it to Glauce.

Glauce put it on.

After that, the mutations of fashion, in point of underclothing, interested Glauce but slightly.

Medea, having got her simian up, took Mermerus and Pheres and waited till Jason came in, when she cut up the infants before his face.

Jason did not interfere. Some writers say it was because his hands were blistered. Some assign other causes for Jason's extraordinary lack of interest in the proceedings.

After this performance Medea ran away from Corinth under her own protection. To detail further her variegated history would necessitate giving incidental biographical sketches of Sisyphus, Zeus, Theseus, Hercules, Alcinoüs, and other individuals. Besides, it would not be in our line. We will therefore part with Medea at this point, with the remark that if to her share some female errors fell, it is the graceful privilege of the true historian, to pull down, when he deems it advisable, the oblivious blind of silence.

## Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She won't.

ENTHUSIAST.—The portraits you desire are published by MORA; whose list of artistic photographs is large and magnificent enough to satisfy the most exacting tastes.

P. O. H.—Your article on Civilization and the Woodshed is respectfully declined. It is not sufficiently exhaustive to cover the entire subject; and it is too long by half a column for a paragraph.

NED SCUPPER.—When a few more cycles shall have pirouetted down into the tomb of the ages, you will be about ripe for a contributor to PUCK. We always like to encourage rising genius, Mr. Scupper. Consider yourself encouraged.

W. C. B.—Your "Thanatopsis" shows promise; but it is crude. It is also a little flippant, and lacking in dignity. These, of course, are but the faults of youth; still you must overcome them, if you desire to succeed. Your title is inappropriate. You should have called it, "A Princess of Pork and Beans," or "The First Families of Hoboken Heights."

GEO. MANLEY.—Mr. Manley, you are a small bright spot in the gloomy existence of the Rejecting-Editor. You appear to have the very exceptional gift of genuine humor. Guard it jealously—guard it as you would your virtue. Don't write anything less good than that which you have sent us, and there will never be any closer intimacy between you and the waste-basket.

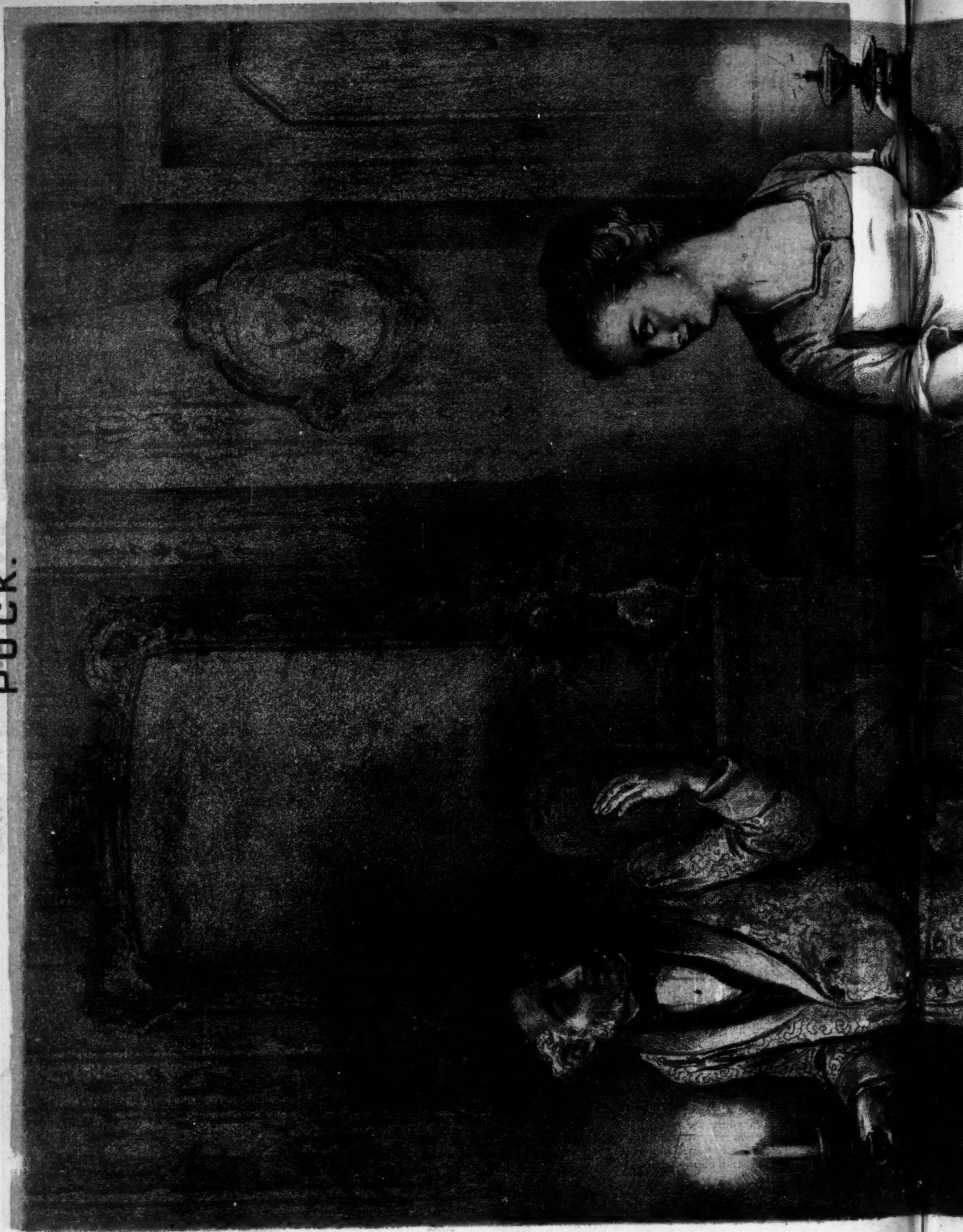
CHARLESTON.—Young man, drop to the "Who" business. The next man who comes to this office with a parody on "Whorantocatchmewhenifell" will not be dropped down the hatchway or chucked into the insatiable maw of the Bullock-press down-stairs. He will just simply be taken into the cellar, stuffed full of gunpowder, soaked in benzine, lighted and left to sizzle.

DAN. J. F.—We admit the soft impeachment, Daniel; we are behind the times in not having a "puzzle department"—we are grossly in the rearward of this progressive age. But such is the transcendent old-foggyism of our nature, Daniel, that we shall continue just there, for some time to come. We shall, Daniel, in spite of the brilliant example of "the Amethyst and Our Own Enterprise (amateur)."

W. J. W., FULTON.—It is the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan who paragraphs for PUCK, and on his awful countenance no mortal may gaze. An attempt was made, recently, to photograph him; but his insupportable radiance scorched the camera; and the photographer gave it up as a bad job. Picture to yourself the refugent orb of day as he would look if he went into the paragraph business, and you have a good idea of PUCK's Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.



PUCK.







THE BACHELOR'S "GOOD NIGHT."

## TO THE MOOLLEY COW.

**W**HAT an easy fate hast thou,  
Moolley Cow!  
All your live long life you pass  
Eating grass.  
And when you cannot get it, eating hay,  
I dare say.  
Which is why I said just now:  
What an easy fate hast thou,  
Moolley Cow.

Care ne'er ruffles your fair brow,  
Moolley Cow!  
Or, if it ever does, I do not know  
When and how.  
Is it when your calf is weaned,  
And a friend  
Takes it where you cannot go,  
Yet can hear its plaintive low,  
Moolley Cow?

Is it when the dogs bow wow,  
Moolley Cow?  
When they at your ankles run,  
Just for fun?

Does it hurt  
When the butcher deals a blow  
On your unexpectant pow,  
Moolley Cow?

Does your head with sorrow bow,  
Moolley Cow,  
When your calf is turned to veal  
For a meal—  
Or rather, for a dozen or a score,  
Or for more?  
And does your spirit grieve  
That I now must take my leave,  
Moolley Beeve?

N.B.—The blank line represents the time consumed  
in getting out of the cow's way.

WM. CULLEN LONGFELLOW.

## DOGS.

**T**HE word dog is derived from the two Sanscrit words, Dorthey and Gorthey, which in English signify do and go. Hence the word dog is formed by dropping the final o in the last word. Hence, also, the feeling which we experience when a mud-bespotted canine doth come and rub his person against our new white pants is vented in those two words, do go. Having thus satisfied you as to the derivation of the word dog, I will proceed to relate a little of my experience in regard to them. I will, however, preface my remarks by observing that dogs are better than curs, as the word cur is equivocal, and may mean a tobacco grubber, who certainly is the meanest dog I have ever encountered.

I had a dog—yes, I had two dogs. One was a large black and yellow dog; the other was a white and red Spitz. I liked that black and yellow dog for everything except his color, which I thought savored strongly of the German element; so I painted him blue. Then I was happy—1st, because I like a blue color; 2nd, because along with the Spitz dog it made up the color of the American flag. But those two dogs were the cunningest dogs you ever saw. They were continually playing tricks upon each other. When the big dog would come into the dining-room, the little dog would set up such a yell, that my ancestors (maternal and paternal) would be compelled to put him (the big dog) out of the room. Then the little dog would go over into the corner and laugh him-

self sick. So the big dog took an oath of vengeance. The opportunity soon presented itself.

It happened one day that my maternal ancestor left a large slice of beef in rather close proximity to the window, and the little dog, taking in at a glance the situation of affairs, waited for the aforesaid maternal ancestor to betake herself to another part of the house. She betook herself, and the little dog grabbed the beef and skeddaddled. The big dog saw him, and determined to have that beef. Did he rush at him and wrest from him his ill-gotten feed? No, sir; that would have been common and undoglemanly. He determined to wait and get it by some other means. He waited, and is still waiting, and is very likely to wait for a much longer period, as the little dog has demolished that meat.

F. M. L.

## DRAMATIC NOTES.

BOOTH is flying the inky cloak in Louisville. GENEVIEVE ROGERS is sweet and successful in Texas.

RIGNOLD THE ROBUSTUOUS relieves the "Marriage" company at Boston.

NIBLO's suppresses "Masaniello" and woos the total-abstinence element with "Ten Nights in a Bar-room."

MISS MARY ANDERSON is making good her claim to phenomenality by drawing full houses at the Fifth Avenue.

LYDIA of the Languorous Limbs has withdrawn from public view in the unexplored depths of the Eagle Theatre.

CINCINNATI is getting up and dusting itself. It has been prostrate at the feet of Miss Fanny Davenport during the past week.

THE Boston critics won't stand Boucicault's "Marriage." We herewith—for the nonce—invite Boston to "clasp hands across the bloody chasm."

THE course of true "Love among the Roses" does not appear to have run particularly smooth. Variety stars should not indulge in horticultural erotics.

"THE MOTHER'S SECRET," and its excellent cast and splendid setting, at the Union Square Theatre, will receive due consideration in another issue.

ON Tuesday, Nov. 20th, Mr. Sothern will give us a chance to find out which is the hottest, "A Hornet's Nest" or the æsthetic end of a New York critic.

YOUTH and beauty are holding double-barreled revels at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where Mary Anderson and Eben Plympton form an artistic combination.

"BRING up a child in the variety way she should go, and when she is old she will not depart from it."—*Bible*. (Version of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.)

"FALSE SHAME" and Montague are attracting equal attention at Wallack's Theatre. "False Shame" after "Marriage"—Well, there seems scarcely to be a need of it; but it's a success comparatively.

MR. D. H. HARKINS, after having closed his engagement at the Eagle Theatre, is playing an engagement at the Bowery this week. While we cannot pay homage to his Red-Skin *repertoire*, we cannot but admit that he has the stuff in him of which tragedians are made.

"CHESNEY WOLD," which, to say the least, does more justice to Dickens's "Bleak House" than "Poor Jo" did, is holding the boards of the Broadway Theatre this week, with Janauschek in the rôle of *Hortense* and *Lady Dedlock*.

THE LONDON CIRCUS holds exalted and exciting sway at Gilmore's Garden, and the small boy, and the small boy's mother, and father, and sister, and brother, go there and revel in the numerous delights to a great and glorious extent.

RAYMOND produces Lancaster and Magnus's play of "The Golden Calf" at Albany during his present engagement. He would have brought it out in Albany, but that the authors objected to changing the name to "The Aureate Beeve."

THESE are the last nights of "The Crushed Tragedian." We shall miss him when he's gone, and along with the memories of his fettered genius, will go affectionate remembrances of genial George Holland's artistic bit of acting as *Captain Rackett*.

MISS MARIE PRESCOTT, who is playing in Col. Sinn's company in Brooklyn, has a winning presence and much sympathetic power; but the brightest star in her crown of artistic virtues is the fact that she has registered a formal vow to Thespis never to play *Juliet*.

MARY ANDERSON, the beautiful *tragedienne*, appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, last Monday night, as *Pauline*, in the "Lady of Lyons." She enlisted the appreciative attention of a large audience. Of her achievement we shall speak in a future issue.

MISS LOUISE POMEROY produced Julian Magnus's new adaptation from the French, "Gemma," in Philadelphia, on Tuesday. It is scarcely necessary to say that it was a success, and that the white vest of the talented author heaves with gratified aspiration.

SOME one says that most members of the Kate Claxton traveling troupe have been doubling parts in the "Two Orphans." Mr. Stevenson is said to have been playing the *Chevalier* and *Pierre*; but we have not heard that Kate Claxton has doubled up and played both orphans yet.

MISS PEARL EYTINGE is playing in Boston, by "the kind permission of Mr. Lester Wallack," in the character of *Alice*, in "Henry the Fifth," supporting Mr. Rignold. This is the lady's first appearance in that city, and we commend her to the appreciative souls of the learned Bostonians.

A NEW YORK Dramatic Critic has been robbed. The two professional burglars who accomplished the feat should be found out and encouraged. Men of such exceptional ability should not be lost to the world. They ought to be set to squaring the circle.

AIMEE is warbling in Philadelphia. The tenor of the troupe, who was not fully appreciated here, has made a great success. The Philadelphians are anxious that he should have a permanent engagement in the city. They have selected the Zoological Gardens as a suitable *locale*.

MISS NINA VARIAN, who within the last year or two has developed into a very charming little actress, has severed her connection with the Lingard traveling troupe. If credence is to be put in the explanations given, Miss Varian showed considerable sense of artistic propriety in severing when she did. A great many actresses can be charming. Self-respect is not quite so widely cultivated.



## Two Knaves and a Queen.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

BY FRANK BARRETT.

(This Story was begun in No. 4. Back Numbers can be obtained at the office of PUCK, 13 North William st.)

(CONTINUED.)

## CHAPTER XXXII.

**C**HARLIE BROCK'S kindness was wasted on Hugh. He did not enjoy the dinner, nor the wine, nor the conversation, nor the theatre: he would far rather have sat alone with his darling picture. His idleness made him eager to get to work again. He was at the studio by eight o'clock, to the astonishment of the lady of the house, who handed him Fox's card. He tore it up and threw it aside angrily. He wanted to hear nothing from evil lips of René. A convincing proof that he was heir to Riverford, and René the fraudulent holder, was the fact he most dreaded. Rather would he live for ever poor, for ever alone, if only he might believe in the purity and truth of his picture. This card robbed him of the enjoyment he had felt in coming again to his picture. It was like resuming the long, long journey after an assurance that the path is wrong. He placed the picture, and his heart was heavy with the dreamy suspicion that he must alter the expression he delighted in. But as he looked, his love threw off the weight, seeing that the portrait was not a lie, but true to René; and faith getting the better of suspicion, he said to that beautiful face, "I will believe you, though ten hundred men swear you false. Why should I believe any but you?"

Presently the postman knocked—it was the first delivery—and a letter was handed to Hugh. The envelope was square and large, and addressed with imperial flourishes. "It is big enough to be an invitation to take tea with the Lord Mayor," thought Hugh, carelessly breaking the cover. He took out a card that was a work of art—French art, by M. Grevin—and represented Pleasure, with an apronful of roses, on one side, welcoming Art with a mask and lyre—both ladies of well-defined anatomy, with high boots, and faces *chic* to a degree. Between these allegorical ladies was an engraved invitation from René Biron to take part in a garden *fete* and *bal masque* on Monday, June 1. At the foot, written in the same generous hand with the superscription, was the name of Antoine de Gaillefontaine.

Could René have sent it? was the first thought that the invitation brought to Hugh. The blood flowed quickly in his veins, and his fingers holding the card vibrated with each pulsation of his heart. Extravagant hope possessed him. René wished to see him. As he cooled, he accounted for the invitation in a more rational manner. The signature proved that M. de Gaillefontaine had the disposal of the invitations; and Hugh concluded that this formal invitation was dealt to him in common with a hundred other professors of art. His relation to René would call for a special and private invitation from her personally, had he been singled for invitation by her. Nevertheless, for all these cooler considerations, Hugh was too excited to settle to work; he sat with the card in his hand, and built air castles. Whilst he was thus delightfully employed, Mr. Fox arrived.

Hugh would gladly have avoided an interview; but he felt that he had in some measure encouraged Fox, and he wished now to tell him of his altered feelings, and to close at once and for good all communication with him. He began to speak before Fox had unbent from his bow of salutation.

"Mr. Fox, I have little to say; but what I do state is emphatic and irrevocable. It is not worth while taking a seat, for I shall detain you for a very brief space, and I decline to enter into a discussion of the resolution I have taken and intend to abide by. Since our last interview I have seen my cousin, and formed an opinion of her entirely different from that which you encouraged. This conviction necessarily precludes my belief in any statement to her dishonor; and as such a belief alone would allow me to lay claim to the estate she owns, I am no longer interested in the recovery of the will you mentioned."

"But you will remember, sir, I am sure—for nothing can subvert the honesty of your intentions, however your judgment may be betrayed—you will remember that you encouraged me in procuring the will."

"I remember that; I should have communicated my changed intentions had I known where to find you."

"But still, sir, I have run that risk. I have ventured my life for your welfare, and in recovering that will I was within an ace of being murdered. You will remember your promise, which no after-consideration should impel you to break, that I should not be a loser in a pecuniary way by any services in your behalf."

"I promised that I would continue to pay your annuity of 150*l.* per annum upon the production of the will, and I intend to keep my word. Have you the will with you?"

"No. But though I required this assurance from you that I should not be a loser, I did not promise that you should have the will for a mere continuance of my income—that gives me nothing for the danger I have undertaken."

"That is sufficient, Mr. Fox. If you decline to let me have the will for the price I named, our contract is void. It does not matter to me who owns the deed; in any hands I shall not profit by it. And now—"

"One moment, sir. If I give you this will—"

"I shall assure myself that it has really been in the hands of my cousin—for I have only your word for this story; the will may not have been out of your possession since you wrote it and induced my grandfather to sign it—and if I find that you really have risked anything in my service, I shall, as I have said, pay you 150*l.* a year for my folly. I have said all I have to say."

Mr. Fox said he would consider the matter, and withdrew. He was not unprepared for Hugh's refusal to put the will in force. He and M. de Gaillefontaine both knew of René's visit to her cousin: Mr. Fox learning it from the maid who accompanied her in London, M. de Gaillefontaine from René's own admission. Mr. Fox was not disheartened by Hugh's determination; he saw his income safe. It had not been whilst there stood a chance of René's marriage with De Gaillefontaine, or her discovery of the will's existence. At any time he could call upon the poor artist for 150*l.*, and he would, if a better bargain was not to be made.

He hurried to his apartment in Kingsland, anxious to get a letter posted to M. de Gaillefontaine by the midday post. It was Saturday. If he, M. de Gaillefontaine, got the letter by nightfall, his answer might reach Fox by first post on Monday. For fear of accidents, he directed the answer to be sent to the post-office in the Kingsland Road—a place near which was his apartment, and where policemen are within hail at most times.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

M. DE GAILLEFONTAINE found his invention unequal to the danger which threatened him. He could not prevent Fox communicating with

Hugh Biron; he did not know even where Fox was to be found: his only hope was that Hugh would decline to take the advantage offered him, or that he would delay correspondence with René until she had married him, and made the property his beyond her power to surrender. It was not impossible that René would accept him for her husband; he saw that she was impatient of her present mode of life, and at times careless of what became of her. He knew that she liked her cousin, and had quarreled with him; and vain as he was, M. de Gaillefontaine perceived that her kindness to himself was due rather to pique than a warmer feeling. That made no difference to him; he did not love her well enough, and he loved himself too well, to be punctilious about trifles. It was necessary that he should take advantage of her mood, and establish himself before she recovered from her pique.

Impressed with the importance of immediate action, he determined at once to go and make himself agreeable to René. Five minutes' attention to his appearance satisfied him, as he looked at himself in the glass, that he was good enough for anybody; a reflection that brightened his spirits, and made it easier for him to conceal the anxiety he felt.

"Who would think that three hours ago I sat myself with my head in an abominable bag?" he thought.

In the hall he passed Walters, the coachman, standing hat in hand.

"Why do you wait?" he asked.

"Going to London, sir. Waiting for a letter mistress wished me to post there."

"Where is Miss Biron?"

"In the library, sir."

He passed on to the "library," and found René seated before a desk.

René addressed him directly.

"I have been looking down the list of invitations," she said, "and I find that my cousin's name is not down. Will you be good enough to fill up a card of invitation, and give it to me now? Walters is going to London to-night, and he will post it there. I should have spoken about it before."

She purposely kept her eyes on the list as she spoke, but De Gaillefontaine noticed the rising color in her cheek, and his hopes fell. He knew not what to do; hardly could he stammer a few apologetic words.

"There is no need of apology," said René; "the fault is entirely mine. You do not know his address even."

She touched the bell, and Walters appeared. De Gaillefontaine was filling up the card. René handed an envelope, and noted the agitation which no effort of his could conceal. She was touched with a spirit of mischief, and enjoyed his trouble, thinking it the result of jealousy, and little knowing how far more profound was the emotion that blanched her friend's cheek.

She dictated the address, and saw him biting his lip as he wrote. Looking at the address she found he had mistaken the number, and herself corrected it, pardoning the poor wretch on account of the feeling she had produced. Walters took the letter, and shut the door behind him. The closing of the door suggested a sensational tableau for a St. Martin drama—the villain finding the magazine door closed upon him after he had fired the slow match!

He tried to control his feelings, he tried to appear calm and happy, he tried to talk; and his failure was more interesting to René than success would have been. No woman is proof against the enjoyment of a man's misery if she thinks he loves her, and she has made him wretched; and this belief, which should move her to tenderness and pity, usually incites her to provoke the distress of her victim. Her gayety increased with M. de Gaillefontaine's depression, for he could by no effort divest his



mind of the consideration of the danger threatening him, and she laughed when he left her with no better pretext than a headache. It was so odd to think of this funny little fellow being jealous upon her account. She had looked upon him so long as a guardian, almost a paternal friend, a servant, that his new part, by its very novelty, seemed ludicrous. But this joke had its grave side for René; there was no mirth in her countenance when the thought passed through her mind that this man might be her husband. He had proved himself a good friend, and might make the best of husbands, and possibly the wisest and best thing she could do was to marry him; but the thought was repugnant to her. Marriage with him was almost as deadening to think of as that other wisest and best last resort—becoming a hospital nurse.

From M. de Gaillefontaine and the gloomy future with him, René's mind turned to Hugh Biron, and at the same moment she felt as though she had cast aside a pall, and saw again the light of young life. Refreshing hope re-animating her. She was almost ashamed of the longing she felt to see Hugh and hear his voice. "One would think I love him," she thought, her cheeks burning with the words.

Neither caprice nor mischief had actuated her in inviting her cousin; the idea had come to her as the result of the desire continually felt to know how Hugh regarded now the model for whom he had carried spring flowers: what were his thoughts of René Biron; what kind of feeling he had for his cousin. Accident suggested a stratagem by which she might obtain the knowledge she desired, and she had resolved at once to put it in practice, relying upon the formality of the invitation to conceal the special interest she had in his coming.

Leaving her, M. de Gaillefontaine went once more into the grounds, trying to resolve upon a course of action. He walked up and down, lighting one cigar after another, and throwing them away with a curse as he found them gone out. He went to his room, and sat there in the dark with his head in his hands; he threw himself upon the bed, and lay there without sleeping, and without obtaining a solution of the difficulty before him.

He had no doubt of the use to which Fox would put his possession, and he knew René's temper well enough to be certain that she would give up every farthing of her property the moment she found it not legally hers, and without any consideration for the welfare of her true friend Antoine. A great change in his fortunes was imminent. Before he had been happiest, at such times feeling that any change must be for the better; now it was otherwise. He had lived fat, and had no relish for the small beer and cheese-parings of a fencing-master. The penniless, vagabond, careless life had no charms for him now. Vagabond and careless he could be again without regret, but penniless—oh, no!

He was not jealous of Hugh, but simply hated him with the hate of a thief for the man he has failed to rob. He was jealous of Mr. Fox; and as his imagination pictured the execrable Fox entering in triumph the grounds and building he had prepared for himself, his vengeful breast was inflamed with a yearning to exercise his lawless will to the full. He would like to set fire to the place, and hurl his enemy bound into the midst. He was careless whether René loved Hugh or not. He would willingly have married René—and would now, were it possible—but he did not love her; he preferred Raffioli—reason the more that he should make René his wife.

(To be continued.)

It is sweet to reflect that Sitting Bull cannot be elected.—*Rochester Democrat.*



### Puck's Exchanges.

#### THE SWEET SINGER OF MULIGAN.

THE Rome *Sentinel*, in its most appreciative mood, thus does violence to Julia A. More's late book of poems:

The cover of this first volume from Julia's pen is ornamented with a picture of her lovely face. The lineaments are those of a well-balanced person, and the possessor of strength and great resources. Greatly as Julia would shine in the social circle, the grandeur of her character, we think, would be best appreciated by those who could behold her as the shades of night gather on, in the sanctity of her own woodshed, with a dull but tried and faithful axe, attacking the unregenerate hemlock slab, and scattering the stubborn knots into kindling wood. The queenly Julia does not look to us like a lady to be dandled in the lap of luxury or any other man, but as we speak not from experimental knowledge, we may be in error. If so, Mr. Ryder will correct us. In speaking of her book, Julia herself says, "Dear friends: This book is composed of truthful pieces. All those which speak of being killed, died, or drowned, are truthful songs; others are more truthful than poetry. They are all composed by the author. I was born in Plainfield, and lived there until I was ten years of age. Then my parents removed to Algoma, where they have lived until the present day, and I live near them, one mile west of Edgerton." From the fact that Julia has left the parental roof, we infer that she is married. Be still, sad heart. "Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are—another fellow has got her." We should like to make liberal extracts from this book, but a very few must suffice. "The Author's Early Life" is the title of the first song. The poem begins:

"I'll write a sketch of my early life,  
It will be of childhood day,  
And all who chance to read it,  
No criticism pray.

It will be seen that the fair songstress has already experienced the sorrows of the gifted. Not only did her early life begin amid the paregoric and woe of childhood, but she has already learned to fear the critic. This dread is plainly to be seen in the closing lines of the same poem:

"And now kind friends what I have wrote,  
I hope you will pass o'er,  
And not criticize as some have done  
Hitherto herebefore."

We feel no hesitation in saying that the man who has criticized the charming Julia hitherto herebefore is a villain of the darkest dye, and the grandson of a cross-eyed pirate, and we have the documents to substantiate the charge. One more selection, "Hiram Helsel," to be sung to the air of "Three Grains of Corn." Vocalists will find the fitting of the words to the music a most charming diversion:

Once was a boy, age fifteen years,  
Hiram Helsel was his name,  
And he was sick two years or so;  
He has left this world of pain;  
His friends they miss this lovely boy,  
That was patient, kind and brave.  
He left them all for him to mourn—  
He is sleeping in his grave.

He was a small boy of his age,  
When he was five years or so,  
Was shocked by lightning while to play  
And it caused him not to grow.  
He was called little Hi Helsel  
By all friends that knew him well—  
His life was sad, as you shall hear,  
And the truth to you I'll tell.

His parents parted when he was small,  
And both are married again,  
How sad it was for them to meet  
And view his last remains.  
He was living with his father then,  
As many a friend can tell;  
'Tis said his father's second wife  
That she did not use him well.

Just before little Hiram died—  
His uncle and aunt were there—  
He kissed them both—bid them farewell,  
They left him with a prayer.  
Now he is gone, Oh! let him rest;  
His soul has found a haven.  
For grief and woe ne'er enter there,  
In that place called heaven.

A CANON on marriage—shoot the bachelor!  
—*N. Y. Graphic.*

We have never had snakes in our boots.  
We wear shoes.—*St. Louis Journal.*

BEGIN to fatten your pumpkins for Thanksgiving pumpkin-pies.—*Bridgeport Standard.*

THE stove dealers ought to fetch out a Creedmoor range for this winter's market.—*Graphic.*

A WESTERN newspaper is called the *Asteroid*, and is in hopes of being discovered.—*Worcester Press.*

EVARTS says he did not know that his promise to the Pennsylvania delegation was loaded.—*P. I. Man.*

A PENNSYLVANIA ghost is frightening away tramps. Massachusetts tramps are materialists.—*Worcester Press.*

THE Boston meeting of Young Republicans should not be confounded with the baby-show.—*Worcester Press.*

FRIENDSHIP is the medicine for all misfortune; but ingratitude dries up the fountain of all goodness.—*Richelieu.*

WHEN a woman starts out to navigate an umbrella she shouldn't look one way and row another.—*Worcester Press.*

A WRITER says that Dr. Holmes weighs as much as a hundred pounds in the height of the bean season.—*Worcester Press.*

"Call me pet names; something typical of sweet sounds," he murmured, and she said he was a gay lute.—*Dexter Smith.*

MR. PUMPKIN has brought a libel suit against the *Cleveland Leader*. We move the indictment be squashed.—*Boston Post.*

JOSH BILLINGS says "nobody never seen a ded ant." This is probably because live ones are moribundant.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

It is a horrible thing for a woman to tiddle, but what man does not like to hold a girl "tight" in his arms?—*Phila. Herald.*

A TEXAS man died recently from the bite of an American pole-cat. What is that quotation about "aromatic pain"?—*Phila. Bulletin.*

A MAN would never lose his character provided he could fasten it to a jack-knife with a cracked handle and broken blades.—*Fulton Times.*

SINCE Wife-of-the-Man-that-Scatters-the-Bear addressed the American commissioners, she looks with disdain upon all other squaws. Even Widow-of-the-Man-who-Blows-into-his-Gun-to-See-if-it-is-Loaded no longer shines in the wigwam.—*Courier-Journal.*



NO SURVIVING wife of the late head of the Mormon church can claim sympathy on the ground of being a "lone" widow.—*Worcester Press*.

THE female population of Deadwood has been reduced to thirteen. That's an odd number, but they are odd females.—*Detroit Free Press*.

WE reach the conclusion, after the most careful investigation, that the husband of Miss Dickinson has not been nominated.—*Rochester Democrat*.

A SIGN on a Rochester street reads, "Joseph Amborn." We don't wish to deny the assertion, but we object to the grammar of it.—*Rochester Democrat*.

MR. GUNTHER, one of the Commissioners of something in Chicago, is the gentleman frequently mentioned as according to.—*Rochester Democrat*.

MR. TWEED says, Mr. Tilden became rich by tiring other people out. Perhaps he means to be President in the same way.—*Rochester Democrat*.

THERE isn't much difference between a grasshopper and a grass widow, after all. Either will jump at the first chance.—*Unknown Exchange*.

WHEN Sunset Cox rises in the House he almost inadvertently says, "The gentleman from Pennsylvania—excuse me—Mr. Speaker." *N. Y. Herald*.

WE learn that Mrs. Mary Dambehe resides in Chicago. Wonder if she is any kin to old Damn-be-he-who-first-cries-hold-enough?—*Oil City Derrick*.

STANLEY discovered the existence of fifteen million Ethiopians heretofore unknown. Will some other explorer follow up the scent?—*N. Y. Commercial*.

THE fatality among the sufferers at Fernandina has been considerably increased by the arrival of several doctors from Cincinnati.—*St. Louis Journal*.

THERE is a new paper in Cincinnati called the *Sunday Breakfast Table*. In Boston it would have been called the *Sabbath Fish Ball*.—*Worcester Press*.

MEN used to get their lives insured for the benefit of their families. They now insure for the benefit of the company's president and his family.—*Worcester Press*.

THE first umbrella appeared in England in the year 1777; but history doesn't inform us when the first umbrella disappeared, and who carried it off.—*Norristown Herald*.

IT will be noticed that this column is printed a good deal in the shape of an obelisk.—*P. I. Man*. Probably the reason you have such hard work to get it up.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

THE editor who saw a lady making for the only empty seat in a car found himself "crowded out to make room for more interesting matter."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

WHY do the New York papers always speak of Oakey Hall as "A Oakey Hall," instead of "The Oakey Hall"? Is it because he is such an indefinite article?—*Phila. Bulletin*.

AN exchange wants to know how the Turks happened to learn to fight so well. Why, man, most of the Turkish officers have over half a dozen wives.—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

OUR dearly beloved brother of the Brooklyn *Union-Argus* says: "George Eliot's slender fingers have the grip of a giant." Been into your hair, has she? Well, never mind; keep away from 'em, son, keep away from 'em.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

THERE may be a humorous side to moving, but, if so, the man who owns the furniture and the one who handles it generally get left when the laugh comes in.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

TIMES must be hard, indeed, as New Jersey mosquitoes complain that ten drops of human gore don't furnish as much nourishment as five did a dozen years ago.—*Andrews's Bazaar*.

APPROACH a man in the proper manner, and you can wheedle him into doing anything within the possibilities, except to build a new house without a bay-window.—*Breakfast Table*.

"TWICE is he armed who hath his quarrel just."—*Shakspeare*.

And four times he who gets his blow in fust. *Cin. Breakfast Table*.

THAT cow that committed suicide, the other day, must not be spoken of as being hurried into another world. She had her udder whirled in this life—every time she was milked.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

A LIFE-INSURANCE agent in the West lately pretended to be a minister in order to get a chance to talk up his favorite subject to a man who was to hang the next day.—*Philadelphia Herald*.

YOU see the nigger over there? He's the hostler; we call him Two-fingered Sam. He's half a fool. Some fellow told him that that mule had no teeth in his upper jaw.—*N. Y. Ev. Express*.

IT was reported that Spotted Tail committed suicide. We cannot believe that he would ruthlessly cut himself off.—*Hawkeye*. Not unless he was driven to his last extremity.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

IT may be true that in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, but for real business in the matrimonial line the sere autumn leads ten to one.—*Norwich Bulletin*.

THE problem of buying a ten-dollar Christmas present with seventy-five cents available cash will present itself for the elucidation of the brave Young-man-who-goes-to-see-his-girl.—*Newark Call*.

NO hand-organs should be allowed on the streets election day. Men want to feel that stern sense of duty that old Roman senators felt, and music might break in upon it.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THAT was a canard—the story that Anna Dick'nson had rejected three more marriage offers. They were sent to her on postal cards, and she simply reserved her decision.—*Cin. Breakfast Table*.

IT is asserted that Jennie June tells the story that one of the gentlemen who proposed to Anna Dickinson was General Ben Butler. We presume the other one was Dr. Mary Walker.—*New York Herald*.

RUSSIA has 139 holidays every year, and the people only have time to recover from one spree, when another day of merry-making dawns, and everybody drifts away on another drunk.—*Fulton Times*.

A LONDON tailor has this sign in his window: "No American orders taken without a deposit." Above a bar in Chicago may be read: "No trust for alleged English noblemen."—*Yonkers Gazette*.

SWELL SON—"No, don't like her at all—horridly vulgar woman—calls her husband 'Enery!' "Self-made" father (vaguely)—"Ah!" (Pause.) "Well, but ain't 'is name 'Enery?'"—*London Fun*.

THE New York *Tribune* thinks we might contrive to live if all the cigar-makers in the country were to strike. But consider how hard it would be on the poor to be compelled to buy real Havanas.—*Boston Globe*.

AT a school exhibition out on West Hill, the other day, a delicate young lady, reciting Gray's *Elegy*, modified the coarse vulgarity of one of the lines, by rendering it, "Can storied earn or animated burst."—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Now with pumpkins the fields are golden,  
And the woodland is sere and gray,  
And the buckwheat cometh to usher in  
The dawn of a batter day.

—*N. Y. Commercial*.

A GOOD little boy who was kicked by a mule did not say naughty words or go home crying to his mother. He just tied the mule within five feet of a beehive, backed him round to it, and let him kick.—*Richmond Dispatch*.

LORD MAYOR of London receiving Cleopatra's Needle: "Pooh, d'ye think I'm going to let that thing go hup? Fill the scratches with putty, and give it a dose of red paint and white penciling, yer know."—*Unidentified Ex.*

IT has been decided since the late Albany convention that Christopher Columbus shall not be canonized. The ecclesiastical authorities made up their minds that he might easily have been in better business.—*Rochester Democrat*.

PEERING into the murky mistiness of financial gloom that pervades our region, the only sure way to provide ourselves with a winter-overcoat seems to lie in the determination to be an Injun and kill somebody.—*St. Louis Journal*.

A CONTEMPORARY says "sauerkraut is healthy." And this is the truth. You never hear sauerkraut complaining of feeling weak. On the contrary, it never loses its strength—and the older it gets, the stronger it becomes.—*Norrr. Herald*.

IT is no longer easy to become a first-class criminal—one whose crimes will create a genuine sensation; for one of the absolute requirements is that the individual shall have lived a comparatively long life of morality and piety.—*Worcester Press*.

WE observe that Brother Talmage has announced his intention of giving up lecturing. This is not only cruel to the public, but to break off thus suddenly from violent gymnastic exercise may prove harmful to Talmage himself.—*N. Y. Clipper*.

THE Roman Emperor, who sadly exclaimed, "I have lost a day," would have felt much worse had it been his collar-button, and compelled him to go rooting under the bureau and behind the bed in vain search for the article.—*Rockland Courier*.

IT will interest lightning-rod agents and patent-right peddlers to know that the latest novelty is to have the monogram cut deep into the sole of the boot. It is a fashion that is likely to be felt by this class more than by any other.—*Norristown Herald*.

IF the boy who threw burrs into a little girl's hair on Saturday, will call on her mother, he will receive an illustration of the evolution of heat by the sudden obstruction of a body in motion, that will make him feel like a base burner all winter.—*Rome Sentinel*.

THE same lad whose back aches at nine o'clock so furiously as to put going to school entirely out of the question, in an hour after is chased out of the suburban chestnut grove lickety-split by a brindle dog and an unsympathetic farmer.—*Catskill Recorder*.

SHE—"How lovely in the calm stillness of evening to listen to the nightingale's note." He—"Ye'th, he's a doocid fine fellow, is the nightingale; but I thay (bright idea), he must be a beathly noothance to all the other little birdth that want to go to thleep."—*London Fun*.



FAIR spirit of air, O tell me where  
And what thy treasured Lares;  
O child of light, thou mystic sprite,  
What, too, are thy Penates?  
The zephyr sighed, and loath replied:  
Our Lares and Penates are potatoes and to-  
mates.

—Ind. Journal.

A SENSATIONAL telegram is said to have been received from Santo Domingo saying that the ashes of Christopher Columbus have been discovered there.—Ex. Pshaw! You will find the ashes where they put the Colon. N. B.—Colon is Spanish for Columbus.—Boston Com. Bulletin.

"MISS MULTON," says the San José Mercury, in a studied theatrical notice, "as the governess of her own children, in the family of her own husband (and his second wife), is a constant struggle between maternal solicitude on one hand, and a desire to yank the second wife baldheaded on the other."—Rochester Democrat.

We gladly welcome to our exchange table once more the long absent but familiar face of that spicy and newsy sheet, the *Congressional Globe*. The *Globe* is the official organ of the American Paragaphers' Association, and its columns are replete with expensive nonsense.—Burlington Hawkeye.

A CINCINNATI business man was chiding one of his traveling agents on account of his dissipated habits. "You could get along with one-half of what you drink," said the man. "I know it," said the man, "but who'n the old Harry's going to drink the other half?"—Cincinnati Saturday Night.

WHEN a new girl enters the Freshman class at Wellesley College, Mass., the others kiss her all around, and give her a bouquet, and that is the way they haze her.—Detroit Free Press. If she haze no objection its probably all right, but it seems a little superfluous to kiss her "all around."—Oil City Derrick.

THE leaves are turning slowly yellow; their summer hue is hence; the ripening fruit is on the mellow; the small boy on the fence. He looks around, he views the ground, and thinks the moment suits; he fills his pockets full and round, then jumps the fence and scoots.—Bucolic Ex.—discovered by Phila. Bulletin.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Do you think it is wicked to smoke?" Oh, dreadfully, awfully, sinfully wicked. Send your cigars to this office and let us burn them up for you, while you swear off and reform before it is too late. It is already too late for us. We went to swear off last week, but the office was closed and the man had gone to a picnic.—Burlington Hawkeye.

WOMAN has achieved an entrance into many of the professions and fields once the exclusive provinces of man, and she may in time even get the ballot, but one hazards nothing in the prediction that woman will never be able to throw a stone at an exotic chicken without exciting awe and consternation in the beholder.—Catskill Recorder.

A CERTAIN London church organist always plays his sweetest music when under the influence of a strong opiate. He must have a preference for the choral service.—N. Y. Comm. Adv. He is said to have composed a Te Deum Laudanum that put the whole congregation to sleep.

AT the recent baby show in Boston, the nearest approach to the line between babyhood and nothingness was exemplified in an infant which weighed only a pound and a-half. This infantile prodigy was exhibited by a South Acton mother, and when it squalls she has to spank it with a tack-hammer.—Worcester Press.

THE managers of a western lottery invite us to advertise their business, taking our pay in tickets, and insuring us \$5,000 and perhaps \$20,000 when the drawing takes place. And yet, such is our devotion to the profession, and our firm, invincible determination to press forward in the path we have chosen, that even this glittering offer fails to move us.—Rockland Courier.

"PA, can't I take lessons on the piano?" asked a young miss, who thought it was about time for her to go out into society. "Don't call me pa," shouted the brusque father, who has just joined the workingman's party. "Don't call me pa," I say. You'd better be taking music lessons on the washboard!" And then the horny-handed son of toil went out and spent \$3 in treating the boys at a political pow-wow.—Camden Post.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask if, when speaking of having taken supper with a friend, it is proper to refer to it as having "tead out." It seems as though it might be proper, although Webster doesn't say anything about it. Perhaps, though, Webster never went out to tea, or if he did, perhaps he never told any one of it, because he knew he would have to tell them about everything he had to eat, if he did. There can be no objections to using the expression that we think of, however, so let's trace it on the pages of memory, and drop it around as occasion requires.—Fulton Times.

THE glories of Indian summer have often been decked with the flowrets of poesy by the long-haired warblers who live on moonshine and spill coffee on their cravats, but do they ever lean up against a tree and think about its giving the mosquito a six weeks' extension on the debt of nature?—Cincinnati Breakfast Table.

WE should like a vote of the editors of America—fair and square, without any bulldozing—as to the relative degrees of their animosity against three classes of correspondents: I. People who punctuate with dashes. II. People who "quote" every phrase they have ever heard before, including all proper names. III. People who underscore all their so-thought strong points. Perhaps there is not much choice between these pests of the press; but a little public abuse of them, occasionally, is soothing to the bilious secretions.—Phila. Bulletin.

A LADY reader writes to the New York Herald for a receipt to remove freckles. A lady in Rome, who has tried the remedy, recommends the following: Bathe the face lightly with cologne water after tea, and at about ten p. m. brush both cheeks, the forehead and chin with a carefully selected moustache. If this does not remove the freckles, it will, under ordinary circumstances, cause them to be forgotten.—Rome Sentinel.



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